



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

*Alias,*

*A figge for my God sonne.*

*Or*

*Cracke me this nut.*

*Or*

*A Countrie cusse, that is, a sound boxe of the  
eare, for the idiot Martin to hold his peace,  
seeing the patch will take no  
warning.*

*Written by one that dares call a dog, a dog,  
and made to prevent Martins dog daies.*

*Imprinted by John Anoke, and John Astile, for the  
Bayliue of Withernam, cum privilegio perennita-  
tis, and are to bee sold at the signe of the  
crab tree cudgell in thwack-  
coate lane.*

*A sentence.*

*Martin hangs fit for my mowing.*





To the Father and  
the two Sonnes, Huffle, Ruffe,  
*and Snuffe, the three tame ruffians*  
of the Church, which take pepper  
in the nose, because they can  
not marre Prelates  
grating.



*R*oome for a royster; so that's  
well sayd, itch a little further  
for a good fellowe. Now haue  
at you all my gassers of the  
rayling religion, tis I that  
must take you a peg lower. I am sure you looke  
for more worke, you shall haue wood enough  
to cleaue, make your tongue the wedge, and  
your head the beetle, fle make such a splinter  
runne into your wits, as shal make the ranckle  
till you become fooles. Nay, if you shoot bookes  
like



like fooles bolts, fle be so bold as to make your iudgements quier with my thunderbolts. If you meane to gather clowdes in the Commonwealth, to threaten tempests, for your flakes of snowe weele pay you with stones of hayle; if with an Easterlie winde you bring Catterpillers into the Church, with a Northerne wind weele driue barrennes into your wits.

We care not for a Scottish mist, though it wet vs to the skin, you shal be sure your cocks-combs shall not be mist, but pearst to the skuls. I professe rayling, and think it as good a cudgell for a Martin, as a stone for a dogge, or a whippe for an Ape, or poyson for a rat.

I et find fault with no broad termes, for I haue mesured yours with mine, & I find yours broader iust by the list. Say not my speaches are light, for I haue weighed yours and mine, and I finde yours lighter by twentie graines than the allowance. For number you excede, for you haue thirtie ribauld words for my one, and yet you beare a good spirit. I was loath so to write as I haue done, but that I learnde, that he that drinkes with cutters, must not be  
with-



without his ale dagger; nor bee that buckles  
with Martin, without his lauish termes.

Who would currie an Asse with an Iuorie combe? giue the beast thistles for prouender. I doo but yet angle with a silken flye, to see whether Martins will nibble; and if I see that, why then I haue wormes for the nonce, and will giue them line enough like a trowte, till they swallow both hooke and line, and then Martin beware your gilles, for Ile make you daunce at the poles end.

I knowe Martin will with a trice bestride my shoulders. Well, if he ride me, let the foole sit fast, for my wit is verie kickish; which if he spurre with his copper replie, when it bleedes, it will all to besmeare their consciences.

If a Martin can play at chestes, as well as the nephewe his ape, he shall knowe what it is for a scaddle pawne, to crosse a Bishop in his owne walke. Such dydoppers must be taken vp, els theile not stick to check the king. Rip vp my life, discipher my name, fill thy answer as full of lies as of lines, swel like a toade, hisse like an adder, bite like a dog, & chatter like a monkey.

4

*my pen is prepared and my minde ; and if yee  
chaunce to finde any worse words than you  
brought, let them bee put in your dads dictio-  
narie. And so fare well, and be hangd, and I  
pray God ye fare no worse.*

*Tours at an houres warning  
Double V.*

To



## To the incontinent Reader.



**I**t is hightime to search in what corner of the Church the fire is kindled, beeing crept so far, as that with the verie smoke the consciences of diuers are smothered. It is found that certaine Martins, if no miscreants in religion (which wee may suspect) yet without doubt malecōtents (which wee ought to feare) haue throwen fire, not into the Church porch, but into the Chauncell, and though not able by learning and iudgement to displace a Sexton, yet seeke to remooue Bishops. They haue scattered diuers libels, all so taunting and slanderous, as it is hard to iudge, whether their lies exceed their bitternesse or their bitternesse their fables.

If they be answered by the grauitie of learned Prelates, they presentlie reply with railings; which argueth their intent to be as farre frō the truth of deuotion, as their writings from mildnes of spirit. It is said that camels neuer drinke, til they haue troubled the water with their feete, & it seemes these Martins cannot carouse the sapp of the Church, till by faction they make tumults in religion. Seeing thē either they expect no graue replie, or that they are settled with railing to replie, I thought it more conuenient, to giue them a whiske with their owne wand, than to haue them spurd with deeper learning.

The Scithian slaues, though they bee vp in armes, must bee tamde with whippes, not swords, and these mutiners in Church matters, must haue their mouthes bungd with iests, not arguments.

I seldome vse to write, and yet neuer writ anie thing, that in speech might seeme vndecent, or in sense vn honest; if here I haue used bad tearmes, it is because they are not to bee answered with good tearmes: for whatsoeuer shall seeme lauish in this Pamphlet, let it be thought borrowed of Martins language.



## To the Reader.

guage. These Martins were hatcht of addle egges, els could they not haue such idle heads. They measure conscience by their owne yard, and like the sheeues, that had anyron bed, in which all that were too long they would cut euen, all that were too short they would stretch out, and none escape unrackt or unsawed, that were not iust of their beds length: so all that are not Martins, that is, of their peeuish mind, must be measured by them. If he come short of their religion, why he is but a colde Protestant, hee must bee pluckt out to the length of a Puritane. If any be more deuout than they are, as to giue almes, fast, and pray, then they cut him off close by the workes, and say he is a Papist. If one be not cast in Martins mould, his religion must needes mould. He saith he is a Courtier, I thinke no Courtier so peruerse, that seeing the streight rule of the Church, would goe about to bend it. If may be he is some Iester about the Court, and of that I meruaile, because I know all the fooles there, and yet cannot gesse at him. What euer he be, if his conscience be pind to his cognizance, I will account him more politicke than religious, and more dangerous for ciuill broyles, than the Spaniard for an open warre. I am ignorant of Martin and his maintainer, but my conscience is my warrant, to care for neither. For I knowe there is none of honour so carelesse, nor any in zeale so peeuish, nor of nature any so barbarous, that wil succor those that be suckers of the Church, a thing against God and policie; against God, in subuerting religion; against policie, in altering gouernment, making in the Church, the feast of the Lapi-thees, where all shall bee throwne on anothers head, because euerie one would be the head. And these it is high time to tread vnder foote: for who would not make a threshold of those, that go about to make the Church a barne to thresh in. Itaque sic disputo.

FINIS.



*Pappe with an hatchet.*



Ood morrow, goodman *Martin*,  
good morrow : will ye anie mu-  
sique this morning ? What fast a  
 sleepe ? Nay faith, Ile cramp thee  
til I wake thee. O *whose* tat ? Nay  
gesse olde knaue and odd knaue:  
for Ile neuer leaue pulling, til I haue thee out of thy  
bed into the streete; and then all shal see who thou  
art, and thou know what I am.

Your knaueship brake your fast on the Bishops,  
by breaking your iests on them: but take heed you  
breake not your owne necke. Bastard *Iunior* dinde  
vpon them, and cramde his maw as full of mallice,  
as his head was of malapertnesse. Bastard *Senior*  
was with them at supper, and I thinke tooke a sur-  
fet of colde and rawe quipps. O what queasie girds  
were they towards the fall of the leafe. Old *Martin*,  
neuer entaile thy wit to the eldest, for hee'le  
spend all he hath in a quire of paper.

Now sirs, knowing your bellies full of Bishops  
bobbs, I am sure your bones would be at rest : but  
wee'le set vp all our rests, to make you all restie. I  
was once determind to write a proper new Bal-  
let, entituled *Martin and his Maukin*, to no tune, be-

B

cause



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

*He swears by  
his mazer,  
that he will  
make their  
wits wetshod,  
if the ale have  
his swift cur-  
rent.*

cause *Martin* was out of all tune. *Elderton* swore hee had times lying a steepe in ale, which should marre all your reasons: there is an olde hacker that shall take order for to print them. O how hee'le cut it, when his ballets come out of the lungs of the licour. They shall be better than those of *Bonner*, or the ierkes for a Iesuit. The first begins, Come tit me come tat me, come throw a halter at me.

Then I thought to touch *Martin* with Logick, but there was a little wag in *Cambridge*, that swore by Saint *Seaton*, he would so swinge him with Sillogismes, that all *Martins* answers should ake. The vile boy hath manie bobbes, and a whole fardle of fallacies. He begins,

*Linguo coax ranis, cros cornis, vanaque vanis.*

*Ad Logicam pergo, quæ Martinus non timet ergo.*

And saies, he will ergo *Martin* into an ague. I haue read but one of his arguments.

*Tiburne stands in the cöld,  
But Martins are a warme furre:  
Therefore Tiburne must be furd with  
Martins.*

O (quoth I) boy thou wilt be shamed; tis neither in moode nor figure: all the better, for I am in a moode to cast a figure, that shall bring them to the conclusion. I laught at the boye, and left him drawing all the lines of *Martin* into sillogismes, euerie conclusion beeing this, *Ergo Martin* is to bee hangd.

Nay,



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

Nay, if rime and reason bee both forestalde, Ile raile, if *Martin* haue not barreld vp all rakehell words: if he haue, what care I to knocke him on the head with his owne hatchet. He hath taken vp all the words for his obscenitie: obscenitie? Nay, now I am too nice; squirrilitie were a better word: well, let me alone to squirrell them.

*Martin*, thinkst thou, thou hast so good a wit, as none can outwrangle thee? Yes *Martin*, wee wil play three a vies wits: art thou so backt that none dare blade it with thee? Yes *Martin*, we will drop vie stabbes. *Martin* sweares I am some gamester. Why, is not gaming lawful? I know where there is more play in the compasse of an Hospitall, than in the circuite of *Westchester*. One hath been an old stabber at passage: the One that I meane, thrust a knife into ones thigh at *Cambridge*, the quarrel was about cater-tray, and euer since he hath quarrelled about cater-caps.

I thought that hee which thrust at the bodie in game, would one daie cast a foyne at the soule in earnest. But hee workes closelie and sees all, hee learnd that of old *Vydgin* the cobbler, who wrought ten yeares with spectacles, and yet swore he could see through a dicker of leather. He hath a wanton spleene, but we will haue it stroakt with a spurne, because his eies are bleard, he thinkes to bleare all ours; but let him take this for a warning, or else looke for such a warming, as shall make all his deuices as like wood, as his spittle is like woodser. Take away the Sacke, and giue him some Cina-

*Pappe with an hatchet.*

mom water, his conscience hath a colde stomack. Cold? Thou art deceiued, twill digest a Cathedrall Church as easilie, as an Estritch a two penie naile.

But soft *Martins*, did your father die at the *Groyne*? It was well groapt at, for I knewe him sicke of a paine in the groyne. A pockes of that religion, (quoth *Iulian Grimes* to her Father) when al his haire fell off on the sodaine. Well, let the old knaue be dead. Why are not the spawnes of such a dog-fish hangd? Hang a spawne? drowne it, all is one, damne it.

Yee like not a Bishops rochet, when all your fathers handkerchers were made of his sweete harts smocke. That made you bastards, and your dad a cuckold, whose head is swolne so big, that he had neede sende to the cooper to make him a biggin: and now you talke of a cooper, Ile tell you a tale of a tubb.

At *Sudburie*, where the Martin-mōgers swarmed to a lecture, like beares to a honnie pot; a good honest strippling, of the age of fiftie yeares or thereabout, that could haue done a worse act if companie had not been neere, askt his sweete sister, whether lecherie in her conscience were a sinne? In faith (quoth she) I thinke it the superficies of sinne, and no harme if the tearmes be not abusde, for you must say, vertuously done, not lustily done. Fie, this is filthie ribaldrie. O sir, ther is no mirth without ribaldrie, nor ribaldry without *Martin*, ask mine hostesse of the iuie bush in *Wye* for the one, & my olde hostesse of the Swanne in *Warwicke* for the other.

She



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

She is dead: the diuell she is. You are too broade with *Martins* brood: for he hath a hundred thousand that will set their hands to his Articles, and shewe the *Queene*. Sweeter and sweeter: for wee haue twentie hundred thousand hands to withstand them. I would it were come to the graspe, we would show them an Irish trick, that when they thinke to winne the game with one man, wee'le make them hold out till wee haue but two left to carrie them to the gallowes: wel followed in faith, for thou saidst thou wert a gamester. All this is but bad English, when wilt thou come to a stile? *Martin* hath manie good words. Manie? Now you put me in mind of the matter, there is a booke coming out of a hundred merrie tales, and the petigree of *Martin* fetcht from the burning of *Sodome*, his armes shalbe set on his hearse, for we are prouiding his funerall, and for the winter nights the tales shall be told *secundum vsum Sarum*: the Deane of *Salisbury* can tell twentie. If this will not make *Martin* mad, malicious and melancholie (ô braue letter followed with a full crie) then will we be desperate, & hire one that shall so translate you out of French into English, that you will blush, and lie by it. And one will wee coniure vp, that writing a familiar Epistle about the naturall causes of an Earthquake, fell into the bowells of libelling, which made his eares quake for feare of clipping, he shall tickle you with taunts: all his works bound close, are at least fixe sheetes in quarto, & he calls them the first tome of his familiar Epistle: hee is full of latin ends, and

*They are not  
so manie, they  
are all Centi-  
mani, an hun-  
dred hands a  
peece: so that  
in all they are  
but one thou-  
sand.*



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

worth tenne of those that crie in London, *haie ye a-  
nie gold ends to sell*. If he giue you a bob, though he  
drawe no bloud, yet are you sure of a rap with a  
babe. If he ioyne with vs, *perijsti Martin*, thy wit  
wil be massacred: if the toy take him to close with  
thee, then haue I my wish, for this tenne yeres haue  
I lookt to lambacke him. Nay he is a mad lad, and  
such a one as cares as little for writing without  
wit, as *Martin* doth for writing without honestie;  
a notable coach companion for *Martin*, to drawe  
Diuinitie from the Colledges of *Oxford* and *Cam-  
bridge*, to Shoormakers hall in Sainct *Martins*. But  
we neither feare *Martin*, nor the foot-cloth, nor the  
beast that wears it, be he horse or asse; nor whose  
sonne he is, be he *Martins*, sonne, *Iohns*, sonne, or *Ri-  
chards*, sonne; nor of what occupation he be, be a  
ship-wright, cart-wright, or tiburn-wright. If they  
bring seuen hundred men, they shall be boxt with  
fourteen hundred boyes. Nay we are growing to  
a secret bargaine. O, but I forgate a riddle; *the more  
it is spied, the lesse it is seene*. Thats the Sunne: the lesse  
it is spied of vs, the more it is seene of those vnder  
vs. The Sunne? thou art an asse, it is the Father,  
for the old knaue, thinking by his bastardie to co-  
uer his owne head, putteth it like a stagge ouer the  
pale. Pale? nay I will make him blush as red as  
ones nose, that was alwaies washt in well water.

What newes from the Heraldes? Tush, thats  
time enough to know to morrow, for the sermon  
is not yett cast. The sermon foole? why they neuer  
studie, but cleaue to Christ his *dabitur in illa hora*.

They

*Pappe with an hatchet.*

They venter to catch foules, as they were soles;  
Doctors are but dunces, none sowes true stiches in  
a pulpet, but a shoemaker.

Faith, thou wilt bee caught by the stile. What  
care I to be found by a stile, when so many *Martins* *Martin Junior*  
*saies, hee found*  
*his fathers pa-*  
*pers vnder a*  
*bush, the knaue*  
*was started fro*  
*his Fourme.*  
haue been taken vnder an hedge? If they cannot le-  
uell, they will roue at thee, and anatomize thy life  
from the cradle to the graue, and thy bodie from  
the corne on thy toe, to the crochet on thy head.  
They bee as cunning in cutting vp an honest mans  
credit, as *Bull* in quartering a knaues bodie. Tush,  
(what care I) is my posie; if hee meddle with mee,  
Ile make his braines so hot that they shall crumble,  
and rattle in his warpt scull, like pepper in a dride  
bladder.

I haue a catalogue of al the sheepe, and it shall go  
hard, but I will crosse the bel-weather. Why shuld  
I feare him that walkes on his neats-feete. Neither  
court, nor countrie that shalbe free, I am like death,  
Ile spare none. There shall not misse a name of anie,  
that had a Godfather; if anie bee vnchristened, Ile  
nicke him with a name.

But whist; beware an action of the case. Then  
put this for the case, whether it bee not as lawfull to  
set downe the facts of knaues, as for a knaue to  
slander honest men. Alls as it is taken; marie the  
diuell take al, if truth find not as many soft cushions  
to leane on, as trecherie.

Theres one with a lame wit, which will not  
weare a foure cornerd cap, then let him put on Ti-  
burne, that hath but three corners; & yet the knaue  
himselſe,



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

himselfe, hath a pretie wench in euerie corner.

*He calls none  
but the heaues  
to witnesse.*

I could tickle *Martin* with a true tale of one of his sonnes, that hauing the companie of one of his sisters in the open fieldes, saide, hee would not smoothe vp sinne, and deale in hugger mugger against his Conscience. In the hundred merrie tales, the places, the times, the witnesses and all, shall be put downe to the prooffe, where I warrant you, the Martinists haue consciences of prooffe. Doeſt think *Martin*, thou canſt not be diſcouered? What foole would not thinke him diſcouered that is balde? Put on your night cap, and your holie day English, and the beſt wit you haue for high daies, all wil be little enough to keepe you from a knaues penance, though as yet you bee in a fooles paradise. If you coyne words, as *Cankerburie*, *Canterburines*, &c. why, I knowe a foole that ſhall ſo inkhornize you with ſtraunge phraſes, that you ſhall bluſh at your own bodes. For Similes, theres another ſhall liken thee to any thing, beſides he can raile too. If *Martin* muſe not his mouth, and manacle his hands, Ile blabb all, and not ſticke to tell, that pewes and ſtewes, are rime in their religion.

Scratch not thy head *Martin*, for be thou *Martin* the bird, or *Martin* the beaſt; a bird with the longeſt bill, or a beaſt with the longeſt eares, theres a net ſpread for your necke. *Martin* Ile tell thee a tale woorth twelue pence, if thy witt bee woorth a pennie.

There came to a Duke in *Italy*, a large lubber and a beggerlie, ſaying hee had the Philoſophers Stone,



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

Stone, and that hee could make golde faster, than the Duke could spend it; The Duke askt him, why hee made none to mainteine himselfe? Because quoth he, I could neuer get a secret place to worke in; for once I endeavored, and the Popes holinesse sent for me, whom if he had caught, I should haue been a prentice to mainteine his pride. The Duke minding to make triall of his cunning, and eager of gold, set him to worke closelie in a vault, where it it was not knowen to his neereft seruants. This Alcumist, in short time consumed two thousand pound of the Dukes gold, and brought him halfe a ducket: why (quoth the Duke) is this all? All quoth he my Lord, that I could make by Art. Wel said the Duke, then shalt thou see my cunning; for I will boile thee, straine thee, and then drie thee, so that of a lubber, that weighed three hundred weight, I will at last make a dram of knaues powder. The Duke did it.

*Martin*, if thou to coulsen haue crept into the bosome of some great mē, saying thou hast the churches discipline, & that thou canst by thy faction & pollicie, pull down Bishops and set vp Elders, bring the lands of the Clergie, into the cofers of the Temporaltie, and repaire Religion, by impairing their liuings; it may be, thou shalt bee hearkened too, stroakt on the head, greasd in the hand, fed daintelie, kept secretlie, and countenaunct mightelie. But when they perceiue, that all thy deuices bee but *Chymeraes*, monstres of thine owne imaginations, so farre from pulling downe a Cathedrall Church,

C

that

*Tappe with an hatchet.*

*Martin & his  
maintainer  
are both saw-  
ers of timber,  
but Martin  
stands in the  
pit, all the dust  
must fall in his  
eyes, but he shal  
never walke on  
the boards.*

that they cannot remooue a corner of a square cap, the will they deale with thee, as the Duke did with the Alcumist, giue thee as manie bobs on the care, as thou hast eaten morsels of their meate, and make thee an example of seditiō to be pointed at, that art now so mewde vp, that none can point where thou art. All this tale, with the application, was not of my penning, but found among loose papers; marry he that did it, dares stand to it. Now, because I haue nothing to doo betweene this and supper, Ile tell you another tale, and so begin Winter by time.

There was a libeller, who was also a coniurer, so that whatsoeuer casting of figures there was, he deceiued them; at the last, one as cunning as himself, shewed, wher he fate writing in a foolcs coate, & so he was caught and whipt. *Martin*, there are figures a flinging, and ten to one, thou wilt be found sitting in a Knaues kinne, and so be hangd.

Hollow there, giue me the beard I wore yesterday. O beware of a gray beard, and a balde head: for if such a one doo but nod, it is right dudgin and deepe discretion. But softe, I must now make a graue speech.

There is small difference between Swallowes & *Martins*, either in shape or nature, saue onely, that the *Martins*, haue a more beetle head, they both breed in Churches, and hauing fledgde their young ones, leaue nothing behind them but dirt. Vnwor-thie to come into the Church porch, or to be nourished vnder anie good mans Eues, that gnawe the bowels, in which they were bred, and defile the place,



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

place, in which they were ingendred.

They studie to pull downe Bishoppes, and sett vp Superintendants, which is nothing else, but to raze out good *Greeke*, & enterline bad *Latine*. A fine period; but I cannot continue this stile, let me fall into my olde vaine. O doost remember, how that Bastard *Iunior* complaines of brothels, and talkes of long *Megg* of *Westminster*. A craftie iacke, you thought because you twitted *Marmartin*, that none would suspect you; yes faith *Martin*, you shall bee thresht with your owne flaile.

It was one of your nest, that writt this for a loue letter to as honest a womā as euer burnt male. *Grace mercie and peace to thee (O widow) with seruent motions of the spirit, that it may work in thee both to will & to doo. Thou knowest my loue to thee is, as Paules was to the Corinthians; that is the loue of copulation.*

*Hee thought  
Lais had still  
lien at Corinth  
aswel as Paul.*

How now holy *Martin*, is this good wooing? If you prophane the Scriptures, it is a pretie wit; if we but alledge Doctors to expound them, we are wicked. If *Martin* oppresse his neighbour, why he saith, it is his conscience; if anie else doo right, it is extremitie. *Martin* may better go into a brothell house, then anie other goe by it; he slides into a bad place like the Sunne, all others sticke in it like pitch. If *Martin* speake broad bawdrie, why all the crue saies, your worshippe is passing merrie. *Martin* will not sweare, but with In deede, In soothe, and In truthe, hee'le cogge the dye of deceipte, and cutte at the bumme-carde of his conscience. O sweetely

*Pappe with an hatchet.*

brought in, at least three figures in that line, besides the wit ant.

One there was, and such a one as *Martin* would make the eldest of his Elders, that hauing fortie angels sent him for a beneuolence, refusde to giue the poore fellowe a quittance for the receipt, saying Christ had giuen his master a quittance, the same howre he told it out & this was at his table, where he sate, with no lesse than fortie good dishes of the greatest dainties, in more pomp than a Pope, right like a superintendant.

Now to the two bastards, what were you twins? It shuld seeme so, for there wēt but a paire of sheers betweene your knaueries. When the olde henne hatcht such eggs, the diuel was in the cocks-comb. Your father thrusts you forward, remember pettie *Martins*, *Aescops* crab, the mother going backward, exhorted her sonnes to goe forward, doo you so first mother quoth they, and we will follow. Now the old cuckold hath puld in his hornes, he would make you creepe cleane out of the shell, & so both loose your houses, and shewe your nakednesse. You go about impossibilities, wele no such chāge, and if ye had it, ye would be wearie of it.

There was a man like *Martin*, that had a goose, which euerie daie laid him a golden egge; he not content with the blessing, kilde his goose, thinking to haue a myne of golde in her bellie, and finding nothing but dung, the gāder wisht his goose aliue. Martinists that liue well by the Church, & receiue great benefites of it, thinke if all Churches were  
downe



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

downe, they should be much better: but when they shall see cōfusion in stead of discipline, & atheisme to be found in place of doctrine, will they not with sighes wish the Churches & Bishops in their wonted gouernmēt? Thou art well seen in tales, & preacheſt *Aesops Fables*. Tush, Ile bring in *Pueriles*, and *Stans puer ad mensam*, for such vnmanerlie knaues as *Martin*, must bee set againe to their A.B.C. and learne to spell *Our Father* in a Horne booke. *Martin Junior* giues warning that none write against reuerend *Martin*: yes, there are *a tribus ad centum*, from three to an hūdred, that haue vowed to write him out of his right wittes, and we are all *Aprots* in all cases alike, till we haue brought *Martin* to the ablatiue case, that is, to bee taken away with *Buls* voyder.

O here were a notable full point, to leaue *Martin* in the hangmans apron. Nay, he would be glad to scape with hanging, wee le first haue him lasht through the Realme with cordes, that when he comes to the gallowes, he may be bleeding newe.

The babie comes in with *Nuncka*, *Neame*, and *Dad*; (pappe with an hatchet for such a puppie) giue the infant a bibbe, he all to beslaues his mother tongue, if he driuell so at the mouth and nose, wee le haue him wipte with a hempen wispe. *Hui?* How often hast thou talkt of haltring? Why it runnes still in my mind that they must bee hangd. Hangd is the Que, and it comes iust to my purpose.

There was one endited at a laile deliuerie of fe-

*Tappe With an hatchet.*

lonie, for taking vp an halter by the high way. The Iurie gaue verdit and sayd guiltie. The Iudge an honest man, said it was hard to find one guiltie for taking vp a penie halter, and bad them consider what it was to cast away a man. Quoth the foreman, we haue enquired throughly, and found there was a horse tied to the halter. I (marie quoth the Iudge) then let him be tied to the halter, and let the horse goe home. *Martin*, a Monarch in his owne moyst conceit, and drie counsell, saies he is enuied onelie, because he leuellet at Bishops, and wee say as the Iudge saith, that if there were nothing els, it were hard to persecute them to death; but when we finde that to the rule of the Church, the whole state of the Realme is linckt, & that they filching away Bishop by Bishop, seeke to fish for the Crown, and glew to their new Church, their owne conclusions, we must then say, let Bishops stand, & they hang; that is, goe home. Looke how many tales are in this booke; so many must you abate of an hundred in the next booke, reckon this for one.

There came by of late a good honest Minister, with a cloake hauing sleeues: ah (quoth a *Martinist*, sitting on a bulke in Cheapside) he is a knaue I warrant you, a claspe would become one of his coate to claspe his cloak vnder his chinne. Where tis to be noted, that they come in with a sleeuelesse conscience, and thinke it no good doctrine, which is not preached with the cloak cast ouer each shoulder like a rippier.

Twas a mad knaue and a *Martinist*, that diuided his



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

his sermon into 34. parts for memorie sake, and would handle but foure for memorie sake, and they were, why Christ came, wherefore Christ came, for what cause Christ came, and to what end Christ came; this was all for memorie sake. If that *Martin* could thatch vp his Church, this mans scabship should bee an Elder, and Elders they may be, which being fullest of spungie pith, proue euer the driest kixes. For in time you shall see, that it is but a bladder of worldly winde which swells in their hearts, being once prickt, the humour will quicklie be remoued. O what a braue state of the Church it would be for all Ecclesiasticall causes to come before Weauers and Wierdrawers, to see one in a motlie Ierkin and an apron to reade the first lesson. The poore Church should play at vnequal game, for it should loose al by the *Elder* hand. Nay Mas *Martin*, weele make you deale, shuffle as well as you can, we meane to cut it.

If you had the foddering of the sheepe, you would make the Church like *Primero*, foure religions in it, and nere one like another. I cannot out of this gaming humour. Why? Is it not as good as *Martins* dogged humour, who without reuerence, regard, or exception, vseth such vnfitting termes, as were he the greatest subiect in England he could not iustifie them.

Shut the doores (firs) or giue me my skimner, *Martins* mouth hath sod vnskimd these twelue months, and now it runnes ouer; yet let him alone, he makes but porredge for the diuell,

His

*Pappe with an hatchet.*

His Elderberrines though it bee naught worth,  
yet is it like an elderberrie, which being at the ripe-  
nes of a perfect black, yet brused stains ones hands  
like blood. They pretending grauitie in the rotten-  
nes of their zeale, bee they onco wrung, you shall  
find them lighter than feathers. Thats a smile for  
the slaues. Nay, Ile touch them deeper, and make  
them crie, O my hart, there is a false knaue among  
vs.

Take away this beard, and giue me a piked  
vaunt, *Martin* sweares by his ten bones : nay, I will  
make him mumpe, mow, and chatter, like old Iohn  
of Paris garden before I leaue him.

If *Martin* will fight Citie fight, wee challenge  
him at all weapons, from the taylors bodkin to the  
watchmans brown bill. If a field may be pitcht we  
are readie : if they scratch, wee will bring cattes : if  
scolde, we will bring women : if multiplie words,  
we will bring fooles : if they floute, we will bring  
quippes : if dispute the matter, we will bring scho-  
lers : if they buffet, we will bring fists. *Deus bone*,  
what a number of we will brings be here? Nay, we  
will bring *Bull* to hang them. A good note & signe  
of good lucke, three times motion of *Bull*. Motion  
of *Bull*? Why, next olde *Rosses* motion of Bride-  
well, *Bulls* motion fits them best. *Tria sequuntur tria*,  
in reckoning *Bull* thrise, me thinkes it should pre-  
sage hanging. O bad application! Bad? I doo not  
thinke there can be a better, than to applie a knaues  
necke to an halter. *Martin* cannot start, I am his  
shadowe, one part of the day before him, another  
behind



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

behinde him; I can chalke a knaue on his backe thrice a weeke, Ile let him bloud in the combe.

Take heed, he will pistle thee. Pistle me? Then haue I a pestle so to stampe his pistles, that Ile beate all his wit to powder. What will the powder of *Martins* wit be good for? Marie blowe vp a dram of it into the nostrils of a good Protestant, it will make him giddie; but if you minister it like *Toballo* to a Puritane, it will make him as mad as a *Martin*.

Go to, a hatch before the doore, *Martin* smells thee, and wil not feare thee; thou knowest how he deales with the Archbishop and a Counseller, hee will name thee and that broadlie. Name me? Mary he and his shall bee named, that's it I thirst after, that name to name, and knowing one another, wee may in the streetes grapple; wee except none; wee come with a verse in our mouthes, courage in our hearts, and weapons in our hands, and crie

*Discite iustitiam monite & non temere dinos.*

*Martins* conscience hath a periwig; therefore to good men he is more sower than wig: a Lemman will make his conscience curd like a Posset. Now comes a biting speech; let me stroake my beard thrice like a Germain, before I speak a wise word.

*Martin*, wee are now following after thee with hue and crie, & are hard at thy heeles; if thou turne backe to blade it, wee doubt not but three honest men shall bee able to beate sixe theeues. Weele teach thee to commit sacriledge, and to robbe the Church of xxxiiij. Bishops at a blowe. Dost thinke that we are not men *Martin*, and haue great men

*Pappe with an hatchet.*

to defend vs which write? Yes, although with thy seditious cloase, thou would'st perswade her Ma-iestie, that most of the Gentlemen of account and men of honour, were by vs thought Puritanes. No, it is your poore Iohns, that with your painted consciences haue coloured the religion of diuers, spreading through the veynes of the Commonwealth like poyson, the doggednes of your deuotions, which entring in like the smoothnes of oyle into the flesh, fretteth in time like quicksiluer into the bones.

When children play with their meate, tis a signe their bellies are ful, and it must be taken from them; but if they tread it vnder their feete, they ought to be ierkt. The Gospell hath made vs wantons, wee dallie with ceremonies, dispute of circumstances, not remembring that the Papists haue been making roddes for vs this thirtie yeares; wee shall bee swing'd by them, or worse by *Martins*, if *Martins* bee worse. Neuer if it, for they bee worse with a witnesse, and let the diuell be witnesse. We are so nice, that the Cap is a beame in our Church, the booke of Common Praier a millstone, the *Pater noster* is not well pend by Christ. Well, either religion is but policie, or policie scarce religious.

If a Gentleman riding by the way with twentie men, a number of thecues should by deuise or force binde all his seruants; the good Justice of Peace would thinke he should bee robd. When *Martini*sts rancke robbers of the Church shall binde the legges and armes of the Church, me thinkes the  
supreme



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

supreme head of the Church should looke pale.

They that pull downe the bells of a steeple, and say it is conscience, will blow vp the chauncell to make it the quintessence of conscience. Bir Ladie, this is a good settled speech, a Diuine might haue seemd to haue said so much. O sir, I am not al tales, and riddles, and rimes, and iests, thats but my Liri-poope, if *Martin* knocke the bone he shall find marrow, & if he looke for none, wee'le knock the bone on his pate, and bring him on his marie bones.

I haue yet but giuen them a fillip on the conceipt, Ile fell it to the ground hereafter. Nay, if they make their consciences stretch like chiuerell in the raine, Ile make them crumple like parchment in the fire.

I haue an excellent balme to cure anie that is bitten with *Martin mad-dog*.

I am worth twentie Pistle-penners; let them but chafe my penne, & it shal sweat out a whole realme of paper, or make the odious to the whole Realme.

O but be not partial, giue them their due though they were diuels, so will I, and excuse them for taking anie monie at interest.

There is a good *Ladie* that lent one of these *Martinists* fortie pounds, and when at the day shee required her money, *Martin* began to storme, and said, he thought her not the child of God, for they must lend, looking for nothing againe; & so to acquite himself of the blot of vsurie, he kept the principall.

These *Martins* make the Scriptures a Scriueners

*Pappe with an hatchet.*

shop to draw conueyances, and the common pleas of *Westminster* to take forfeitures. Theyle not stick to out-law a mans soule, and serue it presently with an execution of damnation, if one denie them to lie with his neighbours wife. If they bee drunke, they say, they haue *Timothie* his weake stomacke, which *Saint Paule* willeth to warme with wine.

They haue sifted the holie Bible, and left vs nothing as they say, but branne; they haue boulded it ouer againe and againe, and got themselues the fine meale; tis meale indeede, for with their wresting and shuffling holie *Writ*, they finde all themselues good meales, and stand at liuerie as it were, at other mens tables.

*Sed heus tu, dic fodes*, will they not bee discouraged for the common players? Would those Comedies might be allowed to be plaid that are pend, and then I am sure he would be decyphered, and so perhaps discouraged.

He shall not be brought in as whilom he was, and yet verie well, with a cocks combe, an apes face, a wolfs belly, cats clawes, &c. but in a cap de cloake, and all the best apparell he ware the highest day in the yeare, thats neither on Christmas day, Good friday, Easter day, Ascension, nor Trinitie sunday, (for that were popish) but on some rainie weeke-daie, when the brothers and sisters had appointed a match for particular praiers, a thing as badd at the least as Auricular confession.

A stage plaier, though he be but a cobbler by occupation, yet his chance may bee to play the Kings part.



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

part. *Martin*, of what calling so euer he be. can play nothing but the knaues part, *qui tantum constans in knauitate sua est.*

Would it not bee a fine Tragedie, when *Mar-*  
*docheus* shall play a Bishoppe in a Play, and *Martin*  
*Hamman*, and that hee that seekes to pull downe  
those that are set in authoritie aboue him, should  
be hoysted vp on a tree aboue all other.

Though he play least in sight now, yet we hope  
to see him stride from Aldgate to Ludgate, and  
looke ouer all the Citie at London Bridge. Soft  
swift, he is no traytor. Yes, if it bee treason to en-  
courage the Commons against the chiefe of the  
Clergie, to make a generall reuolt from the go-  
uernment so wel established, so wisely maintained,  
and so long prospering.

Because they say, *Aue Cesar*, therefore they  
meane nothing against *Cesar*. There may be hid-  
den vnder their long gownes, short daggers, and  
so in blearing *Cesars* eyes, conspire *Cesars* death.  
God saue the Queene; why it is the *Que* which  
they take from the mouthes of all traytors, who  
though they bee thoroughly conuined, both by  
prooffe and their owne confessions, yet at the last  
gaspe they crie, God saue the Queene. GOD saue  
the Queene (say I) out of their hands, in whose  
hearts (long may the Queene thus gouerne) is not  
engrauen.

Her sacred Maiestie hath this thirtie yeares,  
with a setled and princelie temper swayed the  
Scepter of this Realme, with no lesse content

*If it be shewed  
at Paules, it  
will cost you  
foure pence: at  
the Theater  
two pence; at  
Saint Thomas  
a Watrings  
nothing.*

*Reade Martin  
Seniors Libell,  
and you shall  
perceiue that  
he is able to  
teach Grac-  
chus to speake  
seditionlike.*

*Pappe with an hatchet.*

of her subiects, than wonder of the world. GOD hath blessed her gouernment, more by miracle than by counsaile, and yet by counsaile as much as can come from policie. Of a state taking such deepe roote, as to bee fastened by the prouidence of God, the vertue of the Prince, the wisdome of Counsellers, the obedience of subiects, and the length of time; who would goe about to shake the lowest bough, that feesles in his conscience but the least blessing. Here is a fit rounge to squeeze them with an Apothegme.

There was an aged man that liued in a well ordered Common-wealth by the space of threescore yeares, and finding at the length that by the heate of some mens braines, and the warmnes of other mens bloud, that newe alterations were in hammering, and that it grewe to such an height, that all the desperat and discontented persons were readie to runne their heads against their head; comming into the midst of these mutiners, cried as loude as his yeares would allowe, Springalls and vnripened youthes, whose wisdomes are yet in the blade, when this snowe shall bee melted (laying his hand on his siluer haires) then shall you find store of durt, and rather wish for the continuance of a long frost, than the comming of an vntimely thaw. Ile moralize this.

Ile warrant the good old man meant, that when the ancient gouernment of the state should be altered by faction, or newe lawes brought in that were deuised by nice heads, that there should followe a foule



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

foule and slipperie managing; where, if happely most did not fall, yet all would bee tired. A settled raigne is not like glasse mettall, to be blowne in bignesse, length or fashion of euerie mans breath, and breaking to be melted againe, & so blowne afresh; but it is compared to the fastning of the Cedar, that knitteth it selfe with such wreaths into the earth, that it cannot be remooued by anye violent force of the aire.

*Martin*, I haue taken an inuentorie of all thy viciuill and rakehell tearmes, and could sute them in no place but in Bedlam and Bridewell, so mad they are, and so bad they are, and yet all proceeds of the spirit. I thinke thou art possesst with the spirites of *Iacke Straw* & the Black-smith, who, so they might rent in peeces the gouernment, they would drawe cutts for religion.

If all be conscience, let conscience bee the foundation of your building, not the glasse, shew effects of conscience, mildnesse in spirit, obedience to Magistrates, loue to thy brethren. Stitch charitie to thy faith, or rip faith from thy works.

If thou wilt deale soberlie without scosses, thou shalt be answered grauely without iests, yea and of those, whom thou canst not controll for learning, nor accuse for ill life, nor shouldst contemne for authoritie. But if like a restie Iade thou wilt take the bitt in thy mouth, and then runne ouer hedge and ditch, thou shalt be broke as *Prosper* broke his horses, with a muzroule, a portmouth, and a martingall, and so haue thy head runne against a stone wal.

If

*Pappe with an hatchet.*

If thou refuse learning, and sticke to libelling; if nothing come out of those lauish lipps, but taunts not without bitternesse, yet without wit; rayling not without spite, yet without cause, then giue me thy hand, thou and I will trie it out at the tucking-stoole. Ile make thee to forget Bishops English, and weep Irish; next hanging there is no better reuenge on *Martin*, thā to make him crie for anger; for there is no more fullē beast, than a he drab. Ile make him pul his powting cros-cloath ouer his beetle browes for melancholie, and then my next booke, shall bee *Martin* in his mubble fubbles.

**H**ere I was writing *Finis* and *Funis*, and determined to lay it by, till I might see more knauerie filde in: within a while appeared olde *Martin* with a wit worn into the socket, twinkling and pinking like the snuffe of a candle; *quantum mutatus ab illo*, how vnlike the knaue he was before, not for malice but for sharpnesse.

The hogshhead was euen come to the hauncing, and nothing could be drawen from him but dregs: yet the emptie caske sounds lowder than when it was full; and protests more in his waining, than he could performe in his waxing. I drew neere the fillic soule, whome I found quiuering in two sheetes of protestation paper. O how meager and leane hee lookt, so creast false, that his combe hung downe to his bill, and had I not been sure it was the picture of enuie, I shoulde haue sworne it



*Pappe with an batchet.*

it had been the image of death, so like the verie Anatomie of mischiefe, that one might see through all the ribbes of his conscience; I began to crosse my selfe, and was readie to say the *Pater noster*, but that I knewe he carde not for it, and so vsed no other wordes, but *abi in malam crucem*, because I knewe, that lookt for him. I came so neere, that I could feele a substantiall knaue from a sprites shadowe.

I sawe through his paper coffen, that it was but a cosening corse, and one that had learnde of the holie maid of Kent, to lie in a trance, before he had brought forth his lies; drawing his mouth awrie, that could neuer speake right; goggling with his eyes that watred with strong wine; licking his lips, and gaping, as though he should loose his childe nose, if he had not his longing to swallowe Churches; and swelling in the paunch, as though he had been in labour of a little babie, no bigger than rebellion; but truth was at the Bishoppes trauaile: so that *Martin* was deliuered by sedition, which pulls the monster with yron from the beastes bowells. When I perceiued that he masked in his rayling robes, I was so bolde as to pull off his throwding sheete, that all the world might see the olde foole daunce naked.

Tis not a peniworth of protestation that can buy thy pardon, nor al worth a penie that thou proclaimest. *Martin* comes in with bloud, bloud, as though hee should bee a martir. *Martins* are mad martirs, some of them burnt seauen yeares agoe,

*Pappe with an hatchet.*

and yet alive. One of them lately at *York*, pulling out his napkin to wipe his mouth after a lie, let drop a surgeans caliver at his foote where he stood, these fellowes can abide no pompe, and yet you see they cannot be without a little squirting plate: rub no more, the curtall wrinches.

They call the Bishops butchers, I like the Metaphore wel, such calues must be knockt on the head, and who fitter than the Fathers of the Church, to cut the throates of heresies in the Church. Nay, whē they haue no propertie of sheepe but bea, their fleece is for flockes, not cloath, their rotten flesh for no dish, but ditches; I thinke them woorth neither the tarring nor the telling, but for their scabbednes to bee thrust from the pinfold to the scaffold, and with an *Habeas corpus* to remooue them from the Shepheards tarre-boxe, to the hangmans budget.

I but he hath sillogismes in pike sauce, and arguments that haue been these twentie yeres in pickle. I, picke hell, you shall not finde such reasons, they bee all in *celarent*, and dare not shewe their heads, for wee will answere them in *ferio* and cut their combes. So say they, their blood is sought. Their blood? What should wee doo with it, when it will make a dogge haue the toothach to eate the puddings.

*Martin* tunes his pipe to the lamentable note of *Ora whine meg*. O tis his best danrice next shaking of the sheetes; but, hee good man meant no harme by it. No more did one of his minions,  
that



*Pappe with an hatcher.*

that thinking to rap out an oath and sweare by his conscience, mistooke the word and swore by his concupiscence; not vnlike the theefe, that in stead of God speede, sayd stand, and so tooke a purse for God morowe.

Yet dooth *Martin* hope that all her Maiesties best subiects will become Martinists; a blister of that tongue as bigge as a drummes head; for if the *Queenes* Maiestie haue such abiects for her best subiects, let all true subiects be accompted abiects.

They that teare the boughs, will hew at the tree, and hauing once wet their feete in factions, will not care how deepe they wade in treason.

After *Martin* hath racked ouer his protestation with a Iades pace, hee runnes ouer his fooleries with a knaues gallop, ripping vp the souterlie seames of his Epistle, botching in such frize iestes vpon fustion in earnest, that one seeing all sortes of his shreddes, would thinke hee had robd a taylors shoppe boord; and then hee concludes all doggedlie, with Doctor *Bullens* dogge *Spring*, not remembring that there is not a better Spannell in England to spring a coye of queanes than *Martin*.

Hee slues one, has a sling at another, a long tale of his talboothe, of a vulnerall sermon, and of a fooles head in souce. This is the Epistle which he woonders at himselfe, and like an olde Ape hugges the Vrchin so in his concept, as though

*Pappe with an hatchet.*

it should shew vs some new tricks ouer the chaine; neuer wish it published *Martin*, we pittie it before it comes out. Trusse vp thy packet of flim flams, & roage to some countrey Faire, or read it among boyes in the belfrie, neuer trouble the church with chattering; but if like dawes, you will be cawing about Churches, build your nests in the steeple, defile not the quier.

*Martin* writes merely, because (hee saies) people are carried away sooner with iest than earnest. I, but *Martin* neuer put Religion into a fooles coate; there is great oddes betweene a Gospeller, and a Libeller.

If thy vaine bee so pleasaunt, and thy witt so so nimble, that all consists in glicks and girds; per some play for the Theater, write some ballads for blinde *David* and his boy, deuise some iests, & become another *Scogen*, so shalt thou haue vet inough for all thy vanities, thy Printer shall purchase, and all other iesters beg.

For to gine thee thy due, thou art the best died foole in graine that euer was, and all other fooles lacke manie graines, to make them so heauie.

There is not such a mad foole in Bedlam, nor such a baudie foole in Bridewell, nor such a drunken foole in the stockes, nor such a scolding foole on the cuckingstoole, nor such a cefeming foole on the pillerie, nor such a roaging foole in the houses of correction, nor such a simple foole kept of alms, nor such a lame foole lying in the spittle, nor in all the world, such a foole, all. Nay for fooles set down  
in



*Pappe with an hatchet.*

in the scriptures, none such as *Martin*.

What atheist more foole, that saies in his heart,  
*There is no God?* What foole more proud, that  
stands in his own conceit? What foole more coue-  
tous than he, that seekes to redd abroad the *Chur-*  
*ches* goods with a forke, and scratch it to himselfe  
with a rake.

Thou seest *Martin* with a little helpe, to the foure  
& twentie orders of knaues, thou maist solder the  
foure and twentie orders of fooles, and so because  
thou saist thou art vnmarried, thou maist commit  
matrimonie, from the heires of whose incest, wee  
will say that which you cannot abide, *Good Lord*  
*deliuer vs.*

If this veyne bleede but fixe ounces more, I shall  
proue a pretie railer, and so in time may growe to  
bee a proper *Martinist*. Tush, I doo but licke ouer  
my pamphlet, like a Beares whelpe, to bring it in  
some forme; by that time he replies, it will haue  
clawes and teeth, and then let him looke to bee  
scratcht and bitten too.

Thou seest *Martin* Moldwarpe, that hetherto I  
haue named none, but markt them readie for the  
next market: if thou proceed in naming, be as sure  
as thy shirt to thy knaues skinne, that Ile name  
such, as though thou canst not blush, because thou  
art past shame, yet they shall bee so, because they  
are not all without grace.

*Pasquil* is comming out with the liues of the  
Saints. Beware my Comment, tis odds the margent  
shall be as full as the text. I haue manie sequences

*Pappe with an hatchet.*

of Saints; if naming be the advantage, & ripping up  
of lues make sport, haue with thee knuckle deep,  
it shal neuer be said that I dare not vèter mine eares;  
where *Martin* hazards his necke.

Now me thinkes *Martin* begins to stretch him-  
selfe like an old fencer, with a great conscience for  
a buckler, and a long tongue for a sword. Lie close  
you old cutter at the locke, *Nam mihi sunt vires, &  
mea tela nocent.* Tis odds but that I shall thrust thee  
through the buckler into the brain, that is through  
the conscience into the wit.

If thou sue me for a double maim, I care not  
though the Iurie allow thee treble damages, it can-  
not amouit to much, because thy conscience is with-  
out wit, and thy wit without conscience, & there-  
fore both, not worth a penie.

Therefore take this for the first venew, of a  
yonger brother, that meanes to drie beate those of  
the Elder house. *Martin* this is my last straine for  
this fleech of mirth. I began with God morrowe,  
and bid you God night. I must tune my fiddle, and  
fetch some more rozen, that it may squeake out  
*Martins* Matachine.

**FINIS.**

*Candidissimi Lectores, peto terminum ad libellum  
landum.*

**Lectores**

*Assignamus in proximum.*





**TITLE**

*Pappe with*

**AUTHOR**

*Marpelate, Ma*

**LIBRARY**

HUNTINGTON LIBR

**LIBRARY REF. NO.**

*624*

**ORDER NO.**

*12371*



**END**

**UNIVE**

**ANN AR**



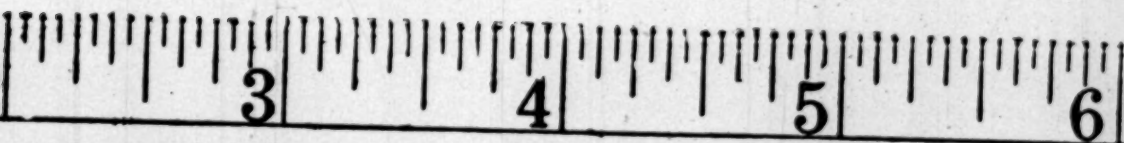
ith an hatch et

Martin DATE (C. 1589)

LIBRARY

4 6 9

S.T.C. NO. 17463



VERSITY MICROFILMS

ARBOR

MICHIGAN